

## **Even Stranger Things by Jacqueline Spicer**

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**Summary:** MY FIRST STRANGER THINGS FANFICTION! OML. Please read and review. This means a lot to me and I wanna know what you guys think. 3 Will start off Mike/Eleven but will later lead to Mike/Will

# 1. Chapter 1

Things changed. They'd never be the same, not even now after Eleven had closed the gate. Things like that are just hard to break away from and forget. But they were learning how to move on in baby steps. At least some things had improved though. Will seemed happier. They had Eleven back in their life. What could be better? This was where they found their normality again.

At least that's what Mike assumed, as he joined his friends outside of their school. Max was there as she always was now and days. Mike had grown to accept her as a part of them and had even come to like her as a friend. After all, she had proven herself and with Eleven back, she didn't pose a threat to Mike.

"Hey, Mike" Will was the one to speak to him with a large grin. Mike looked over to him, returning the smile. Will's happiness as of late is something Mike didn't think he'd ever tire of when he saw it. "Hi Will, how are you feeling today?"

"Good." Will responded as they began to follow behind the rest of the group. Max and Lucas were discussing some kind of video game strategy with Dustin.

"Did you have a good time with El yesterday?" Will asked. Even still, neither of them could bring themselves to call her Jane just yet... All but Max but she just didn't know her like they did.

Mike shrugged. "It went well... I'm still excited for her to join me-uh-us in school... I think she'll really like it here." Mike managed, glancing up at Will.

Will let out a small chuckle. "Sure, Mike... Sure."

Mike glared at him. Why did his friends have to give him a hard time? He didn't do that to Max and Lucas... He was silent as they walked the rest of the way to their class.

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After school, they met back at the bike rack. "Sooo... I'll see you

tomorrow?" Mike heard Lucas ask Max. Tomorrow was Saturday. "Yeah, at the arcade as usual?" Max asked in response. Mike tuned out after that, uninterested.

"Hey... I was thinking, maybe we could hang out with them tomorrow... Since we're rarely together outside of school?" Will asked. These days, it seemed Mike was always occupied with visiting Eleven. Will was beginning to miss their time together out with their friends.

Mike reached for his bike as he answered. "Um... I don't know..."

"Please Mike... You don't have to spend all your time with her..." Eleven was special to all of them. But, Will felt that she was in some way splitting them up. Sure Max hanged with them but she was in a way one of the boys... right?

"You don't understand it... B-because you don't have a girlfriend." Mike retorted as he got on his bike.

"M-Mike?" Will asked, shock written across his face.

"Just stay off of my back, okay?" Mike asked but he didn't wait for an answer before he sped off. Will just stood there watching him leave, still surprised at the tone he had took with him.

"Hey, are you okay?" Dustin asked, placing a hand on Will's shoulder. Will let out a little sigh and lowered his head slightly. "Yeah...I'm okay..." He answered, moving from Dustin's grasp. He got on his bike and left.

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Will sat in his room holding one of his action figures. He had even opted to skip dinner. He sighed, pressing a button that activated the figure to speak although it brought little comfort. He thought things would be different but Mike... He was still the same if not even more distant.

Suddenly there was a knock on his door, making him look up to see Jonathan standing there. "Hey buddy... Is everything okay?" Jon asked as he came in. He took a seat by Will on the bed.

Will looked up to him and answered quietly "I guess..."

Jon stared at him, beginning to worry as he did before when that thing from the Upside Down had taken control of him. "You're..." He cleared his throat. "You're not hearing voices again... are you?" He asked, unsure of how Will would take that. Things were supposed to be normal, he didn't want to bring up any bad memories... All of them still suffered in some way from what happened but they had tried to move on with their lives the best they could and rebuild.

The youngest Byers brows furrowed. "What? No! It's nothing like that..." Will had exclaimed in surprise, voice quietening down though afterwards. He knew his family was still on high alert and looking for any abnormal signs but this was something completely different and foreign for him.

"I just..." He sighed again. "I just wanna hang out with my best friend but all he cares about is Eleven..." He looked back at his action figure. "I feel like we're drifting apart."

"Well..." Jonathan paused momentarily as he thought of what to say next. He had never really experienced these kinds of things... No one had really wanted to hang out with him when he was in middle school either, just like now. Nancy bless her heart for seeing something in him no one else did.

"He's uh... Just catching up on lost time I'm sure. You know it was hard for him to lose her the first time... Give him a little bit, let all of this set in..."

"It's been three months... Uh... I think..." Will grumbled, somewhat nervously.

Jon placed a hand on his back. "Yeah but he needs to know he's not going to lose her again... Besides after awhile everything will be routine and he'll wanna be with his friends again... It's fresh right now."

Will looked up to Jon. "Will things between you and Nancy become routine?" He didn't understand how these relationship things worked. He hated to admit it but he was behind on that sort of stuff and that's

what bothered him even more seeing his friends progress where as he was still lacking.

Jon let out a sigh. "Yes. But that's not a bad thing. That just means you're secure and you don't have to prove yourself... You're comfortable with each other."

Will put his action figure back on the nightstand. "I guess. Relationships are weird."

Jonathan gave a small chuckle as he stood up. "They can be... Hey, since it's Saturday tomorrow... Wanna stay up late and watch scary movies with me?" He offered with a smile.

Will just shook his head though. "Nah... I think I'll just stay in here and turn in early."

"Oh... Okay then... Get some sleep, Will."

Will nodded to him with a smile.

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**PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE LEAVE ME A REVIEW AND TELL ME WHAT YOU THINK! THIS MEANS A LOT TO ME AND I REALLY WANNA KNOW WHAT YOU GUYS THINK WITH THIS STORY. 3 HELP A GIRL OUT.**

## 2. Chapter 2 - Reveal

Chapter two, finally! :) Thank you for those who have reviewed and those who are reading. It means a lot! You guys are amazing!

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Will found himself at the arcade with Lucas and Max... Not that he had anything else to do. He was trying to keep his mind off of the things Mike said to him yesterday but that was proving to be easier said than done. The words repeated in his mind every couple minutes, causing his heart to ache over again. But he was here with his other best friend... So maybe things would be alright?

Shaking himself out of his thoughts he decided to ask. "So where's Dustin?" Their other best friend was also nowhere to be found. He glanced at Lucas, before looking back to Dig-Dug and the process Max was making.

"I'm not sure... I think he's been hanging with a girl lately. Dancing with Nancy must've helped his popularity." Lucas responded, not even so much as looking away from the game.

"Oh..." Will lowered his head. Dustin too?

"Where's Mike? Thought you were gonna convince him to come today?" Lucas asked, finally looking over to Will.

"With Eleven..." Will sighed softly but it didn't seem to be heard by Lucas. Will watched them for a bit more. Max into her game and Lucas... Well into her.

"I... I think I'm gonna go... I'm not feeling well." Will finally announced after swallowing the lump in his throat. He didn't want to just stand there and be the third wheel.

"Okay... Hope you start feeling better." Lucas responded, giving a half glance his way.

"Thanks..." Will walked off, shoving his hands into his pockets. He didn't feel like going back home just yet so instead he decided to go

to a nearby pond to think. It didn't take him long to get there.

He sat at the edge of the pond, a small pile of rocks beside him. He picked up one of the rocks and threw it across the pond, watching as it skipped. The conversations around him were faded noises.

Will picked up another one moments after doing the same as he did with the previous one. He sighed. He felt more different now than he had when he came back from the Upside Down or even when the voices started...

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Will sat at the dinner table, poking at his mashed potatoes, showing no real interest in eating them or anything else on his plate. Joyce took notice of this and asked "Is everything all right sweetheart?"

Will looked up from his plate to her and nodded. "Uhh... Yeah... I... I just don't feel well is all." He gave a little shrug of his shoulders.

"Oh no... I hope you're not getting sick." She responded with a frown.

"No, I think it's just something I ate..." Will continued.

"Oh... Okay... Well, did you have a good time with your friends?" She asked.

"I guess..." Will's gaze dropped back down to his plate. Jon and Joyce both stared at him for a bit before looking to each other in confusion.

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Later that night, Will was getting ready for bed when Jonathan knocked on the door again. Will looked up and gave a half smile. Of course his family was going to worry about him when he was acting off even if the slightest. He wished his friends were so aware and invasive.

"What's up?" Will asked.

Jon quietly made his way over to Will. "Are you sure everything's okay?" He asked, hesitantly taking a seat on the bed.

Will looked down and began twiddling his thumbs. "No..." He

couldn't like to Jon. His brother was his rock. "I spend all day by myself... Didn't feel like hanging with Lucas and Max." He muttered.

"Okay... Let's just keep that little bit to ourselves..." Jon responded. If their mother knew he was alone the entire day, she'd flip. Joyce was even more protective over Will as she ever was and would probably be so until Will was grown.

"Mike and Dustin weren't there?" He inquired.

"No... Out with their 'girlfriends'..." Will said with as much disdain as his thirteen year old jealous self could muster, followed by a scrunched up face.

"Oh..." Jon was kind of at a loss for further words.

"Mike told me yesterday that I didn't understand because I don't have one... But why would I want one? Girls are trouble... They come in and do weird things to your friends minds and tear you guys apart!" He exclaimed, gesturing it all out with his hands.

"May-maybe you'll find someone who you can spend time with... and you'll think differently? What about that girl from the dance?" Jon attempted. He just didn't want Will to spend most of his life as he had; lonely.

"That was just for show..." Will trailed off, flopping back on his bed. "I don't even like girls like that anyway..." And there it was, the awkward silence in the room. Jonathan scratched the back of his head, perplexed.

"Umm..." He felt like someone had suddenly stolen his voice. Will looked up at him, waiting for him to finish. Jon drew in a deep breath. "Do... Do you like boys like that?" He finally asked. He just wanted to help his little brother through this and to understand things better but God did that feel weird rolling off of his tongue.

Will sat back up and just stared at him. "I... I don't know..." He answered shakily. "What if I do? That's not normal..."

Jon felt a nerve pinched then and grabbed Will by the shoulders, staring him in the eyes intensely. "Who cares about normal? I've



already been over this with you... Just be you... To hell with what everyone else thinks!"

Will lowered his head again. "But... Those kinds of things will cause people to make fun of me and possibly hurt me..."

"Then I'll teach you to stand up for yourself... As long as you are happy with who you are." Jon responded, before letting go of him. He'd do anything just so Will could be happy in life and enjoy himself.

"Can't I just keep it a secret? The person I like anyway doesn't even notice me..." Will frowned again.

"Wait... Is it Lucas? No... Dustin?"

Will looked to his brother with a sarcastic 'really?' kind of look. Don't get him wrong... Dustin was adorable. Lucas was handsome in his own right but... He shook his head.

"Oh... It's Mike... Isn't it?" Jon finally asked and Will looked back up to him with a slight nod. "But he has Eleven so it doesn't even matter..."

"Have you thought about telling him how you feel? It might help to get it off of your chest." Jon suggested. Will gasped. "NO! and I won't!" He exclaimed, cheeks reddening. "That would be so embarrassing! He'll laugh or run away..."

This time Jon was the one to exchange that funny look. "Seriously? After what we've all been through?"

"Mike isn't good with emotions and stuff..." Will mumbled. He had noticed everything about Mike... His perfections and imperfections that were perfectly imperfect. But, would Mike ever dig so deep as to know him that well, as he had done Eleven?

Jon let out a little sigh but before he could say anything, Will's walkie-talkie began to buzz with static before Mike's voice came through. "W-Will, you t-there?" The signal was weak, but Will could still make it out.

Will rolled his eyes, but Jonathan nudged him anyway. "Talk to him." He encouraged as he got up. Will scowled at him but he only smiled as he left the room.

Picking up the device, Will extended the antenna and pressed the button on the side. "What?" He asked, still moody over yesterday's events.

Again with the static, but Mike's voice still came through. "Wow. Harsh." there was a pause but Will said nothing. "L-list... I-I'm coming o-over to-tomorrow" The words faded in and out and Will wasn't sure if there was more to it and if it had been cut off but honestly, he didn't want to hear it... This was no way for them to try and discuss things.

Pressing the button again, Will spoke "Fine" he simply answered and decided to shut the walkie-talkie off, pushing the antenna back down. Whatever Mike had to say, he could say it tomorrow to his face, like a man.

Will sat the device aside and crawled under his covers. Apart of him was still mad and hurt at Mike but a part of him was excited for tomorrow as well.

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As I said, thank you to those who reviewed. Please continue to do so and make sure you follow this story so you're up to date with new chapters!

### 3. Chapter 3

Chapter 3 finally! Sorry it took me some time. I had it all typed out on my iPod but due to sending that in, I lost all my work. To say I was annoyed was putting it lightly.

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That following day, Will had paid extra attention to his appearance. He'd never cared much before but this morning he found himself staring into the mirror, checking every little detail. He straightened his clothes out and made sure each little strand of hair was in place on his head.

"Will! Breakfast!" He heard his mom call out.

"Coming mom!" He responded. He looked over himself one last time before making his way to the kitchen.

Will sat down to a plate of eggs and sausage in front of him. With his appetite still present from not eating much last night he began to dig in. Both Joyce and Jon watched him.

"What took you so long?" Joyce asked. She knew her son well... perhaps more than any parent would ever know their child.

"I uh... I just feel really good today and wanted to take the extra time?" Will half stammered and half asked, his gaze glancing between both his mom and Jonathan.

"Oh... I'm glad you're feeling better! Do you have any plans for today?" Joyce continued as she started on her breakfast again.

"I think Mike's coming over... Probably go to the arcade or something..." Will gave a little shrug of his shoulders.

Joyce smiled and looked over to Jonathan. "What about you?"

Jon looked up from his plate. "Nothing much... Gonna go see Nancy... Probably take her out to eat." He replicated his brother with a shrug. After a moment, the both of them looked at each other and began smirking. Joyce watched them with confusion. "What?"

Jonathan cleared his throat. "Are you going to go see Hopper later?" He asked and Will snickered in the background.

"What?! No! Absolutely not!" Joyce exclaimed, hysterical.

Jon chuckled, looking back to Will. "If she marries him, Eleven will be your sister then..."

Will's face scrunched up. "Um... No..." He grumbled. It was nothing personal against Eleven... Okay, maybe it was getting a little personal. She had the one thing he wanted.

"Nobody's marrying anybody! Certainly not Hopper!" Joyce rolled her eyes. "Hopper..." She scoffed.

Jonathan chuckled once again and the three of them fell into idle chatter as they finished breakfast. Finally, the long awaited knock to the door came and Will sprung up from his chair and rushed over to the door. He stopped and drew in a deep breath.

Slowly, he reached for the door and opened it to reveal Mike standing there. Will could only stare at the boy before him, so oblivious to the way he felt, to the way he saw Mike - perfection in every way.

"Hey" Mike was the first to speak.

"H-hey..." Will managed to choke out.

"Can I come in?" Mike asked. Will gave a shake of his head to calm his nerves. "Uh. Sure..." He stepped away from the door allowing the boy of his dreams inside.

Mike glanced at him but decided not to ask about the odd behavior. Things had changed with all of them and it wasn't the unusual that Will acted different now.

"Hey Mike!" Joyce called out cheerfully as he entered. Jonathan looked over his shoulder and gave a wave.

"What are you boys going to do today?" Joyce's voice resonated again.

"Probably just the arcade." Mike gave a shrug of his shoulders before turning back to Will. "Need to grab anything before we go?"

"Um, n-" "Take your jacket honey! It's getting cold out." Joyce interrupted. Will cut his eyes at her in annoyance. "Mom. I'll be fourteen soon!" He exclaimed with complete embarrassment before sighing. "Let me go get that..." Will grumbled as he headed towards his room. He retrieved his jacket and came back out to see that Mike had already gone back outside.

"Hey Will" Jon called and Will looked over to him, only for Jon to give him a thumbs up. Will squinted his eyes and scrunched up his face. The hell? Taking in a deep breath, Will turned and went outside.

"Alright so where are we really going?" Will asked, looking to Mike with suspicion.

"Just grab your bike and follow me." Mike responded and Will had done so without even questioning it. After all, he trusted Mike with his life.

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Will peered over Mike, at the theater they had come too. "What are we doing here?" He whispered.

"To see the new horror movie of course!" Mike hissed in return.

"You mean The Return of the Living Dead? That's rated R!" Will exclaimed looking down at Mike.

Mike glared up at him. "So? You're going to be fourteen soon! You're practically a man now."

Will sighed at the use of his own words against him. "How are we even going to get in?"

"We're gonna go in... three... two... NOW!" Mike grabbed ahold of Will by the wrist and pulled him along as he darted toward the entrance. Once inside they sat in the very back of the theater as to not get caught and thrown out.

Will looked around nervously, whereas Mike seemed calm. Finally. The movie began.

Halfway through the Movie, Will was ready to leave. One would think that facing the Upside Down and the Demogorgon would harden one's self and these things wouldn't bother him but that wasn't the case. The movie still made Will jump and gasp but what really took the cake was when he grabbed ahold of Mike's hand accidentally.

Realizing what he had done, he pulled away quickly, glancing over to Mike. "S-sorry..." He muttered.

Mike met his gaze and rather than the anger Will expected, he was met with something surprising. "It's okay... to be scared. Here." Mike grabbed ahold of his hand again and squeezed some. "If it helps... I don't mind." Of course, it was not like anyone could see. All the other people in here were down in the front.

Will swallowed hard, heart beating fast. He merely nodded and prayed that his hand didn't start to sweat. His attention however, was farthest from the movie. He could only focus on the lights bouncing off of Mike's freckled face. Will could only chalk it up as being similar to that of counting the stars in the night sky.

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When the movie was finally over, it seemed too soon for Will. He would've been content with just staring at Mike for many hours.

"That was a pretty good movie." Mike announced as they casually exited. "I mean... They even had a naked girl in it!" He boldly exclaimed when they were a safe distance away.

Will gave a shrug. "It was alright." Frankly he didn't care for breasts or any of that but he had to keep in mind that Mike was a 'normal' boy and of course he was going to be curious on such things. Especially now that he was getting older too.

Mike looked over to Will as he grabbed his back. "I know it scared you... But, I won't tell anyone if you won't about us being here. Not even El."

"Promise?" Will asked.

"Promise." Mike smiled. "C'mon, I'll race ya back home!"

Will let out a chuckle as he jumped on his bike. "You got it! Prepare to lose though!" He exclaimed as he chased after Mike.

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See. Now we're getting somewhere! :D Will got to hold his hand though Mike just thinks it's from being scared. Well. partly. you stupid boy. :) not hating on Mike btw. He's my fav. he's just your typical oblivious boy.

Anyway! Leave those reviews! Keep them coming, I keep the chapters coming!

## 4. Chapter 4

Chapter 4! Chapters may slow down now due to my interest in other things. So I'm sorry about that! I will work hard to bring them often though! ^^ I had forgotten that Mike and El were together LOL so here's a chapter dedicated to them.

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That following week, Mike was learning what it meant to balance his time with his friends, his school and his time with Eleven...One of the many steps to take into adulthood. However, he's been doing well at it, even making an extra effort to talk to Will even if it was between classes or when school let out.

Of course, all of this left little time for 'family' but that was of little regard to him. The only time his parents seemed to notice him was when he had done something he wasn't suppose to and Nancy... Well, she and Jonathan had their own thing going now.

But tonight, they were settling down for a family dinner, with the addition of Eleven of course. Hopper was becoming more lenient on her getting out more. It wouldn't be long until she could join them in their school. Mike only hoped that she wouldn't have to be held back though that was one thing he had to put faith in with Hopper though, that he was getting her up to speed with things.

"So..." Karen started with, almost awkwardly. "How are things going?" She asked and it was clear that she was just trying for the sake of a conversation. "Nancy?"

"Good..." Nancy responded with a slight nod. "Things are going... great." She faked a smile. Mike really couldn't blame her, he felt the same as she did when it came to talking to their parents. It was just something they both would rather avoid. Unfortunately though, Karen met his gaze, then El's. "And... you two? How are things with the both of you?"

Eleven glanced to Mike before nodding herself with a much more genuine smile than Nancy's. "Good." She reciprocated. It seemed to be all that Karen needed for she fell back into an awkward silence. They



all did, eating slowly. Ted failed to say anything.

"Can I be excused?" Suddenly Nancy asked. "I... um... I'm tired tonight."

Mike shot a sarcastic stare her way. As if. But he wasn't going to be an asshole. At some point you had to have your siblings back, right? Whether it be dealing with the Upside Down or just knowing she was going to spend all night talking to her boyfriend.

"S-sure..." Karen responded. She and El watched as Nancy left to go to her room. Again another awkward silence fell before them.

Mike was more than happy when dinner was finally over and he didn't have to set in the prying eyes of his parents. Eleven may not have minded them but he didn't need his mom trying to make any more small talk or just stare at him.

"So uh... El..." Mike started off with, before swallowing hard. He still wasn't good at this kind of thing. Maybe it was just El. Maybe she just took his breath away or maybe it could be something completely different. "Do you want to watch a movie or something?" He asked.

"Or something?" El responded. What else could they do? It was night, they couldn't go anywhere and they were limited in activities when they were together here.

Mike rubbed the back of his head and let out a sigh. "Yeah... Sorry... I know it gets boring coming here just to eat and watch some random movie... But-"

"Hey... Mike..." Karen called, as she finished gathering up the dishes. She glanced to the ground several times before continuing. "You could um..." Oh... She couldn't find the right way to say what she wanted to say. "Maybe you can show El some of your homework? You know... Just to help her out..." Yes. That was perfect.

"A-are you sure?" Mike asked bewildered.

"Just keep the door open." Karen answered with a light smile.

"O-Okay!" Mike responded almost too eagerly before looking over to

Eleven. "I mean... If you want? I'll warn you... Some of that stuff baffles me even."

Eleven let out a soft giggle. "Sure."

Mike nodded and took ahold of her hand, leading her upstairs.

"Now why on earth did you do that Karen?" Ted finally spoke as he rose from his seat. Karen shot him a cold stare. "Because, he's a teenager... He needs his privacy. I trust him... It's not like you care anyway..." She grumbled under her breath.

Ted let out a frustrated sigh. "If I hear one sound..."

"Well if you do something it'll be the first in a long time." She let slip, before covering her mouth, gasping.

Ted watched for a long moment but he wasn't going to engage in an argument with her. "Sure Karen... If you say so..." He walked out into the living room.

Mrs. Wheeler let out a sigh of her own, an almost sad and lonely one as she approached the sink where the dishes now sat stacked beside. She frowned before starting on washing them.

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Mike sat at his desk, scribbling down some answers to the questions he was reading off, stopping to explain each one to El as he went. He was more than happy to take the time to do this, after all she needed this if she wanted to jump start her education even more.

Mike himself was never this excited about history, as he was tonight. He was currently explaining something when he noticed El just staring down at the book laid out on the desk. He paused and watched her. "El? What's the matter?" He questioned.

Eleven's expression fell as she placed a hand on the book. "There were a lot of bad men, weren't there?" She asked.

Mike swallowed hard and let out a soft sigh. "...There still is." He admitted. "There always will be... I guess you could say good can't exist without evil."

Eleven looked up to him. "Always?"

"...Always..." Mike shook his head, as he moved her hand away from the book to close it. "But, in the end, good always wins... Doesn't it?" He asked with a faint smile.

Eleven responded with a smile of her own and nodded. She squeezed Mike's hand. "Yes."

Mike stared at her for a long time, before he leaned in to kiss her lips gently. Eleven returned the kiss in just as gentle of a manner.

Mike lingered a little too long into the kiss though before finally pulling away. Eleven's cheeks were flushed a light pink.

"Sorry..." Mike muttered. "We... We should focus on another subject..."

Eleven glanced around however she placed her hands on Mike's shoulders. This time she was the one to initiate the kiss.

Mike's eyes widened in surprise yet soon closed as he let himself relax into the kiss, one deeper this time. He placed his hands on either of her sides and daringly, very daringly, he urged his tongue into her mouth.

Eleven pulled back then, and pushed him away slightly, looking confused.

Immediately Mike felt regret and frowned. "That... That's called a French kiss."

"French... Kiss?" Eleven inquired

Mike shifted in his seat, looking up to her. "I guess that's how they kiss in France..." He muttered. Oh he was terrible at this but he didn't know much more than she did, just that he'd heard things.

"Hmm..." Eleven hummed softly. "What else do they do?"

Mike's cheeks reddened. "I don't know! Wait... Wait just a minute... Are you just curious or..."

Eleven looked down at her hands this time. "Well... Some of the movies I've watched... They kiss, a lot... They hold each other... Sometimes the man will take the woman to a bed but then the screen goes to a different scene... Is that what people do? People like us?"

Mike went wide eyed again, face still flushed bright red. "Uh... Well... Uh..." He shook his head. "You need to stop watching so many movies..." He finally grumbled.

"But... Is that what's normal?" El continued to pressure.

This wasn't exactly what Mike needed to think about... He'd already went too far with his kiss. "Well, yes... But later! My mom and Hopper would kill us both..."

"Kill us? Why would they kill us? They love us?"

Mike released a deep breath, grabbing ahold of El's shoulders, staring her in the eyes. "That is something for when we are older... like... seventeen or something."

"Seventeen... Okay... That's three years for you and four for me... That's 1,460 days for me."

Mike shook his head but couldn't help the smile that spread across his face. "El... Stop counting."

Eleven looked back into his eyes. She smiled. "Okay" she then glanced down at her watch. "It's late... Dad will be here soon." She announced. She had opted to call Hopper 'dad' rather than 'papa' as to not remember Brenner. She was still working on controlling her emotions at the thought of him.

"Okay... We should go downstairs. I'll wait with you."

He took a hold of Eleven's hand and walked back down stairs with her. They waited until Hopper came and they had ended their night with a soft, long kiss... leaving Mike giddy for the rest of the night.